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# INTER NOS

Vol. VIII

December 1956

No. 4

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### *Editorial*

As the blessed commemoration of our Savior's birth approaches and the holy season of advent gives us a time of preparation for this great feast of our redemption, to some of our readers a few suggestions may be welcome.

St. John Berchmans, when asked what we should do to honor the blessed Virgin, as he did, answered "any little thing, so that it be constant." Following his directive for a spiritual bouquet to lay at the crib on Christmas morning, we might choose one or two definite practices which we feel that we shall be able to faithfully perform.

Daily Mass and Holy Communion are possible for some, but not for all. Some of our students must board the bus with the early schedule. For these a daily visit or two to the Chapel on the campus may include a spiritual communion and prayer to honor the Divine Infant, three Glorias to praise each person of the Blessed Trinity or other prayers of one's choice.

A little act of self denial each day; nothing heroic, perhaps a resolution in regard to charity not only refraining from the uncharitable word but speaking the charitable one—appreciation expressed, praise given where due, an act of love; one such act and prayer from each of us would furnish a rich bouquet of spiritual flowers to brighten and decorate the straw of Our Savior's Crib for His Birthday greeting.

"Inter Nos" calls your attention to two books, recent contributions by faculty members, "Early Rain," compiled and edited by Sister Marie de Lourdes, is a volume of prize winning essays, stories and poems by students of creative writing courses; "Transfigured World" written by Sister Lorentia won for her a prize of \$1,000.00.

## **"He Went About Doing Good"**

*"The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us." (John I, 14)*

**A Legend of the Infant Jesus**

**By Sister M. Dolorosa**

The Midnight Hour had passed. Angelic song no longer floated over Bethlehem's hills; angelic light had ceased to brighten the wintry skies; a brilliant star still lingered, waiting.

Joseph of Nazareth, remained after other descendants of the race of David completed their registration and departed for their scattered homes. Alert to provide better lodgings for his spouse, Mary, and his foster-son, Jesus, Joseph had secured a house, humble as became a poor man, but offering a modicum of comfort for his little family.

When three strangers from the Orient, guided by the star, came to Jerusalem seeking the new-born King of the Jews, counseled by his scribes Herod sent them to Bethlehem, the city of David, where the prophets had said the Messiah, a Prince of the House of David would be born. "And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda art not the least amongst the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule my people Israel. (Mich. 5,2)

We know from history that Joseph had found a house before the arrival of the Magi. St. Luke says, "The star reappeared. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." (Matt.II,10)

The star leading them, finally stood still over where the child was. "And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary, His Mother, and falling down they adored Him." (Matt. II,11)

Forty days after the birth of Jesus, when His Mother fulfilling the law by presenting Him in the Temple, she learned from Simeon that the heart of the Mother of the Man of Sorrows would be pierced by a sword. Probably through her knowledge of scriptural prophecies, the maiden Mother had expected that her path would be strewn with the sufferings of her Son.

She had not long to wait. Scarcely had the three royal visitors started on their long homeward way when "an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph saying, "Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and fly into Egypt. . . Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him." (Matt. II, 13) Thus far the early history of the life of Christ. The mediaeval ages, peopled with Christians filled with a living faith and childlike devotion, expressed their love in song and story. Many heart warming legends grew up among them and were handed down by their children. Among these there is one whose antiquity cannot be dated, but it is worth continuance because its charm carries a sense of reality and makes one feel it may be more than legend.

At the bidding of the angel, "Joseph arose and took the Child and His Mother and retired into Egypt." The telling is simple; the reality truly one of the seven sorrows for Mary and Joseph. Mary rode on

an ass, their humble little beast on which she had carried Him on the journey to Bethlehem. Joseph walked every step of the weary way. For both, the road, unpaved, roughened by ruts, strewn with rock and deep with dust, made travel a wearisome toil; a further hazard came from robber bands, lying in wait for unprotected wayfarers and for those traveling in caravans; but the outstanding torture of this journey was the constant fear that Herod's soldiers might be close upon their trail.

As night closed in, St. Joseph anxiously looked about for a place where thy might rest in security, perhaps on a grassy knoll, hidden from the roadside by a clump of bushes, where the rose of Sharon bloomed. At a little distance he saw a hillside cave, not unlike the cave which had sheltered them when inhospitable Bethlehem had said, "There is no room."

A faint light led them to its entrance, near which a young woman was standing. She seemed startled at their approach, but when she saw a weary mother and Infant, and heard the father's gentle request for a night's shelter, she stepped aside from the cave's entrance and bade them enter.

The interior was poor, but a makeshift home had been set up. In a sheltered corner a sick child tossed in fever. The master of the home was away at his business, which could be carried on only under cover of the darkness of night, for he was the leader of a robber band and the cave was his hideout.

Sensing the compassionate goodness of her weary guests, the poor woman, gave them her full confidence, and found comfort in the giving. With tears starting from her eyes, she closed with the words, "My baby is stricken with leprosy."

From her scanty store of food, she fed her guests and strewed fresh straw and floor mats for the night's rest. Early the next morning, though Joseph felt that Herod's men had given up pursuit, he said they must be on their way. The prudent man would take no risk that the Child might be discovered before arriving in Egypt, where He would be safe.

Sadly, the robber's wife provided a little food and water for the remaining miles, but first she heated and brought a terra cotta basin for the Baby's bath—a luxury which Mary gratefully accepted. All the while wonder, reverence and love were growing in the woman's heart, and as she was removing the basin of water she said, "I will bathe my poor little one in the water blessed by its touching the body of your holy child." The Immaculate soul of Mary, mirrored in her eyes the light of Divinity emanating from the Babe; whence also the holiness of the face of the poor carpenter.

They left the cave, and as a hillock hid them from view, the woman returned and set about the morning's bathing of her child. She immersed him in the water, whispering a childhood prayer, "Son of David, have mercy." As she turned her gaze downward, her heart's blood seemed to stand still. The white fetid scales were slipping off the tiny body, and the pink freshness of infancy enveloped the child, and a faint perfume replaced the odor of decaying flesh. The mother

clasping the little one to her heart whispered in awe, "God with us!"

In the heart of little Dismas some of his mother's goodness lay as dormant seed, but his brave reckless father was his hero, his leader who quickly led his boy along the crooked ways he himself walked.

The child grew to manhood advancing from petty thievery to robbery and murder. Finally the long arm of the law reached out and its hand clutched his throat. He was condemned to be crucified in expiation of his crimes. "And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, they crucified Him there and the robbers one on the right, and the other on the left. One of the robbers blasphemed Him, but the other said, "We indeed (suffer) justly but this man hath done no evil." And he said to Jesus, 'Lord remember me, when thou shalt come into Thy kingdom.' And Jesus said to him, "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." (Luke XXIII, 41-43)

The heart of Dismas beat out its life, attuned to the last love-throbbing of the dying Christ. "A thief to the end, Dismas stole Heaven."

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## Out of the Mouths of Babes

By Jo Ann Smith

The Saturday that Mom went to visit my aunt, and left me with the care of the house and my seven year old cousin Kathy, was my first pre-marital warning.

"There would not be too much to do around the house," Mom assured me," except to do the weekly cleaning, feed Kathy and Daddy and be prepared for anything that might arise."

It all started at 7:00 A.M. Saturday morning as I was preparing Daddy's lunch. I heard the front door slam and something being dropped on the living room chair.

"What did you bring with you today, Kathy?" I asked.

"Oh, just my jar full of polliwogs. They're going to turn into frogs today, I hope."

"Not in the living room they're not. Take them outside."

Mumbling to herself she obeyed, as I finished putting the mayonnaise on the bread. She returned to the kitchen, washed her hands and watched me finish the lunch. When I put the meat on the bread she said,

"Sister said today was an umber day, and so was yesterday. You know, Mommy forgot yesterday I couldn't have meat because I'm seven, and she gave me salami sandwiches. I knew I couldn't eat them, so I went around to the kids on all the benches in the school yard yelling, 'Who ain't seven? Who ain't seven?' I finally gave it to Nancy, she's only six and a half. You really have to watch those umber days when you start getting reason."

"Don't you mean ember days?" I groaned.

"I guess that's it. Anyway, you can only eat meat once."



I could not imagine mayonnaise on peanut butter sandwiches, and so I began again as Kathy told me she could reason now because she was seven years old.

"I can reason now and I'm also a member of the Mythical Bedy. Gee, Sister teaches us so many new things. She's so nice."

"Do you like your Sister?"

"Yes, she's real great."

"Do you answer all the questions she asks you in school?"

"When I think I know them I do."

"You should try to answer them whether you are sure of the answer or not. That's the way you learn."

"Boy, you sure have a lot to learn about school. Valerie would get mad if I didn't answer the question right. Hey, where's Uncle Joe?"

I'd forgotten to call my father.

"Oh, Kath, I forgot. You call him. He has to leave in twenty minutes."

"Oh," she said disgustedly, "since John—I mean Sweeeeetie—gave you that gagement ring, you forgot everything. You know," she said, pointing her finger at me, "it's a good thing you aren't married. You could never get Sweetie to work on time."

Daddy always has an egg in the morning, and I fried it as any young bride would do. It was a beautiful specimen, he said, for a biology class. It was a solid pattie of yellow and white substance surrounded by a crisp brown edge. Daddy laughed and said that the black toast was good for his teeth, if the coffee didn't decay them first. With this remark, Kathy showed her gums, saying that hers had already decayed and she hadn't ever tasted coffee.

Daddy started to eat his breakfast, but was stopped by, "You didn't say grace. Sister said that we should say grace before we eat. You know, I finally trained Mommy, and we always say grace before all our meals. I forgot at Christmas though. We had turkey and dressing and all that stuff and you know I was so hungry I ate before I should have. I told Father in confession and he said that God would forgive me. Come on, I'm hungry, say grace."

"Grace," Daddy said, and started eating.

"No! nothin' like that. You know, Blessed for these gifts. Oh! Lord, which we are receiving through the boundy. Come on, you know."

Daddy helped her and grace was said so that breakfast could be enjoyed by all. He left for work and Kathy and I sat at the breakfast table to talk.

"Guess what? My Tweedie died."

For a minute I could not imagine who this new addition to the morgue could be.

"I'm going to miss Tweedie," she said, eyeing a piece of cold toast, "she used to sing so pretty to me."

Kathy tried to whistle through her gums, but they would not help out her persistent tongue in making a sound.

"Oh, you mean your canary?"

"Yea. You know I can't figure out what happened to her. All of

my other Tweedies had a reason to die. Tweedie number one ran away with the cat next door and my other Tweedie ate drano. I sure wonder if this Tweedie will go to heaven? She really was a very good bird."

"I don't think that the birds go to heaven, Kath, but I'm sure God will put them somewhere else that will be very pleasant."

"I know where they go," she said, as if the light of infused knowledge had just hit her. "I heard Mommy say the other day that the market near our house was for the birds. Golly, I bet that's where they are."

"I doubt it, Kath. I think that your mother just meant that she didn't like to shop there."

Kathy refused to help me with the breakfast dishes on the grounds that this was her day to rest and she'd much rather draw cowboy pictures. She was busy until she looked up and said,

"You'd better be careful. You've got soap all over the lanolium. Aunt Grace just scrubbed the lanolium the other day."

I presently became aware of every soap sud in the sink and was careful to see that they stayed there.

Cleaning the house did not prove too bad a task until Kathy came running in with a skinned knee, and everything had to stop. A few tears when I washed off her knee, led to many more as I put the iodine on it.

"Stay still, Kath. I don't want to get any iodine on my ring."

"Does your ring mean that you are going to receive the sacrament of matter money?"

"Matrimony, Kath."

"No, it's matter money. I had to take a note into the high school yesterday, and I heard the Sister talking. She said that there is a lot of penance in matter money, too. At first I thought she said peanuts, but then I listened real hard and I found out she didn't. My Sister said that giving up candy would be penance, so I could never get married. Heck, I couldn't live without candy for that long."

"I think Sister meant that there would be times when you would have to make sacrifices. Kinda, well, acts of mortification."

"Does that have anything to do with the place where they take dead people?"

"No, Kath. It's just a little sacrifice."

We finished cleaning the house and then walked to the store to get something for lunch. I wouldn't let her ride her bike and the act began. First the lower lip came forward and her eyes told me how mean I was.

"Can I skate?"

Kathy skating down the hill toward the coast highway and me running after her in panic.

"Not today, Kath. Let's walk."

Our walk was very quiet until, "You know if I got hit by a car now, I'd go right to heaven. You know why? Well, I don't think I've been a real bad girl and I even say my prayers all the time. Besides, I wouldn't like that purgatasio place anyway. Did I tell you what



Valerie did the other day at school? She put me out of the club."

"But aren't you president of the club?"

"Yes, but Valerie is the head and we have to do anything she says. She let me back in, but I was sure scared for a while. I almost cried. You know, I really have to be good now because Valerie is having a birthday party and I want to go. She told us that only the club members could go to the party and if I get put out I can't even go. Since I've been such a good girl lately, could I have some candy when we get to the store?"

I told her yes, since she had helped me clean the house.

As we entered the store, Kathy went directly to the candy rack, picked up a bag of jelly beans, a box of peppermints and three Hersheys.

"Which can I have?"

"Any one you want. But what ever it is, you can't have it 'till after lunch."

She debated between the jelly beans and the Hersheys and put the Hersheys back on the rack just as I reached the check stand. As the groceries were packed, Kathy eyed the candy and gallantly offered to carry the bag home. She shuffled it from one hand to the other and then dragged it on the ground until the carrots were beginning to appear through the bottom of the bag.

On the way home, I stopped to say hello to a neighbor, and Kath said she would start walking home. I soon found her sitting around the corner picking up jelly beans from the sidewalk. She tried to juggle them as she talked, but she didn't quite succeed.

"My guardian angel broke the bag. She thought that they looked so good, that she just couldn't help but have one. I didn't think that it would be very polite to let my angel eat by herself, so I had one too. Why didn't you talk longer?"

"I guess your guardian angel didn't want me to. We'd better hurry. Daddy should be home and he'll wonder where we are.

Daddy was home and the story of Kathy and her angel and the jelly beans became very dramatic.

"Kathy, did you see the accident down at the corner this morning? I saw it when I left for work. There was really a mass of people down there."

"Golly, they had Mass on the corner? If I coulda knowed that I woulda gone. I wouldn't have had to wear a hat or anything because it wasn't in a church."

"No, Kathy, there was not a Mass. There were just a lot of people at the accident. If there are a lot of people you could call them a mass of people."

"Oh, I see. There were a mass of people at the store."

Kathy followed Daddy outside as I washed the dishes, but I was interrupted by the whistle of the breadman. I grapped my purse and dashed outside.

"What are you running for? He's not going anywhere. Did you think that there were a mass of people out here?" Hey, show Bill your wedding ring that Sweeetie gave you."

How Kathy got outside so fast, I don't know. She acquired a free cookie while telling Bill about the chicken Daddy was going to kill.

"He's just going to drop an axe on his head. It's really going to be good. Come on, let's go before we miss it."

She pulled me by my apron strings and led me to the back yard. I don't know that Daddy or the chicken appreciated the audience, but it was there to stay.

"Is it going to hurt him? Where are you going to throw him after he's dead?"

Daddy's reference to a frying pan had her very surprised. "You can't eat that poor little chicken. He might have something wrong with him and you'll all die. Besides, he's old and you'll probably break your teeth if you eat him."

The plea for the innocent was given on first one foot and then the other, with a constant movement of the hands and an unconscious tear in the eye.

The loss of the chicken was soon forgotten when Kathy acquired three little frogs. She watched them all afternoon and then helped me fix the chicken for dinner.

First the chicken had to be browned. Kathy melted the grease in the frying pan for me and then dripped the grease on the floor. I did not know that she had dripped the grease until I found myself sitting on the floor, chicken in hand.

"What happened? Boy, you are really getting old. You should be wearing a Saint Christopher medal if you are going to take trips like that."

"Kathleen, why didn't you clean up the grease you spilled?"

"You didn't tell me to."

Next she peeled the potatoes and one of her fingers while I cut the beans. After I bandaged her finger, she set the table and we were ready to serve the meal. It turned out to be very good, except that we had forgotten the salad and the dessert.

The whole day was quite an experience, and I don't know if I would like to see it come again. Kathy enjoyed it though.

"My! we had fun today. I wish I could help you all of the time. I know you couldn't have done everything without me."

It happened as Mom had said, "There would not be too much to do around the house except to do the weekly cleaning, feed Kathy and Daddy and be prepared for anything that might arise."

# St. Augustine's Philosophy of History

## AN EXPOSITION AS EMBODIED IN *DE CIVITATE DEI*

By Elizabeth Granville

### CHAPTER I

#### THE MATTER

#### Potency of Augustine

History is the statement of facts. Writers "make" history by recording these facts. Historians present these facts in relation to their interpretation. This interpretation is the writer's philosophy of history.

First to interpret facts as motivated by his philosophy of history was St. Augustine. In *De Civitate Dei* St. Augustine exposes his interpretation of history which differs from previous writers in antiquity and which influenced subsequent writers in later ages.

This work, therefore, is an exposition of St. Augustine's philosophy of history as embodied in *De Civitate Dei*.

In the *City of God* is Augustine the African, the Neo-Platonic, the author and Augustine the Christian philosopher of history and apologist.

African characteristics were unconsciously retained by Augustine. Born at Tagaste in the Roman province of Numidia Proconsularis in 354, Augustine adapted the culture of his African parents. He was influenced by his mother's saintly nature and Catholicity. Monica's faithful devotion and humble, patient endurance of his father's passions produced an eventual and lasting effect. However, Augustine was more immediately inclined to follow Patricius' pagan temperament. This was the African spirit—ambitious, sensual, nomadic, passionate, searching. Augustine the African lived and thought and acted passionately and forcefully.

"His nature harboured the unbridled sensuality of his father and the gentle mysticism of his mother."<sup>1</sup>

Despite this moral difference both parents were in agreement that Augustine should further his education. He should strive for a teaching or government position. Madaura was the city selected for intensive study in rhetoric. The son of Patricius found opportunities for reveling in this pagan city. The son of Monica found intellectual encouragement and development of the Latin and Punic languages. Moreover he acquired a sincere appreciation for the ancients' literature.

Financial conditions opposed Augustine. In 368 his father was forced to withdraw him from school for a year. Idleness during his sixteenth year was indeed the "devil's workshop." Augustine's

<sup>1</sup>Giovanni Papini-Mary Prichard Agnetti, *Saint Augustine*, New York: Harcourt, Brace, Co., 1930, p. 30.

passionate nature was easily drawn into sin. His ambitious nature easily led him into evil company.

Rhetoric schools in Carthage next welcomed Augustine. Although his father died during 370, his sacrificing mother and a wealthy citizen, Romanus, were able to further his education. Cosmopolitan Carthage introduced Augustine to varied social elements. Here was splendour and gaiety evidenced in the architecture: theaters, squares, amphitheaters, and baths. Pagan temples overshadowed Christian basilicas as the immorality obstructed the morality.

Here also were representatives of the Roman empire. Merchants, lawyers, officials, soldiers—each class interested Augustine; they depicted the administration of the Roman political life.

Youth in Carthage was susceptible to much evil. Augustine referred to this city as a "frying pan full of unholy loves."<sup>2</sup> An illicit relationship developed with the sinful fruit born in 372. The child was named Adeotus, gift of God.

Studies progressed, and Augustine assumed a more serious nature as a scholar. In his intellectual explorations he discovered Cicero's *Hortensius*. This dialogue which praised philosophical wisdom inspired Augustine to search for true wisdom. The study of philosophy then became his chief pursuit at the age of nineteen.

Conducive to a mind seeking truth was the philosophy of the Manicheans.

Their doctrines had a pseudo-intellectual, nationalistic appeal, for they insisted that no teaching should be accepted on faith. Only that which could stand the scrutiny of reason was to be accepted.<sup>3</sup>

For nine years (374 to 383) Augustine devoted himself to understanding and defending the Manichean principles. The forces of good and evil in his inheritance were unconsciously applicable to this religious sect.<sup>4</sup> He transmitted them to this sect. The Principle of Light struggled with the Principle of Darkness. The Good agent warred with the Evil agent. In man this struggle manifested itself in human nature. Sin was only the dominance of evil or darkness which man could not control. Thus a solution was offered to Augustine for bad actions of man. The Scriptures were disregarded as too inferior to Cicero and were considered incomprehensible; the ancients themselves presented no satisfaction comparable to the thought of Mani.

In 376 Augustine the African returned to Tagaste. He remained there for more than a year teaching grammar. Monica earnestly prayed for Augustine's spiritual return. Meanwhile her son was earnestly influencing others to become followers of Mani. Upon the death of a close friend Augustine once again journeyed to Carthage to seek his fortune as a recognized teacher of eloquence.

<sup>2</sup>Aurelius Augustine, *Confessions* BK. III:I. Edited by Whitney J. Oates in *Basic Writings of St. Augustine*.

<sup>3</sup>Vernon J. Bourke, *Augustine's Quest of Wisdom*, Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Bruce Publishing Company, 1945, p. 17.

<sup>4</sup>Papini, *Augustine*, p. 31.



Questions concerning Manichean philosophy were formulated in his mind. Now he could only conceive of God as a physical body resulting from this materialistic philosophy. An opportunity awaited him when the noted Manichean bishop Faustus arrived in Carthage. Faustus only furnished more confusion and doubt for Augustine's mind. His inquiries were unanswered by the most learned Mani follower. Skepticism enveloped the rhetoric master.

In 383 Augustine entered Rome. After contracting a fever, he began exploring philosophy. Again he reverted to the ancients. The neo-Platonist was born. He studied Plotinus and third century A.D. philosophers. From their works Augustine discerned a direct contradiction to Manicheism. Plato distinguished between two worlds: that known to the senses, that known to the intellect. Plotinus emphasized the importance of the reality of things of the mind. Material matter was insignificant. "For him the chief object of knowledge became his own mind, and the things which it contained."<sup>5</sup> The first reality was what the mind should seek. Upon it the mind was dependent for truth, beauty, and goodness. Followers of Mani were unaware of this philosophical aspect.

Augustine delayed into this thinking for understanding of what he accepted through a type of faith. Eventually he grasped a concept of the spirit. This first enabled him to mentally transport himself from a materialistic philosophy to an immaterialistic philosophy. The Neo-Platonist advocated a turn from the world of matter to a concentration upon the more valuable object of one's own soul; then one would reach for a union with the "Source of all wisdom."<sup>6</sup> God could no longer be a physical substance. God must be a Spirit.

"The fact of the matter is, that an immutable thing cannot be changed by anything, and the fact that a thing can be changed by a body shows that it can be changed by something, and therefore cannot rightly be termed immutable."<sup>7</sup>

Matter changes; God does not. God is a simple substance as a spirit; simple substances do not change; God does not change.

In 385 Augustine the Neo-Platonic entered Milan. Here he was impressed by the teachings of St. Ambrose, first by his literary style and then by his presentation of the matter. This matter was the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the lessons of Scripture. Augustine thought, then acted. He became a catechumen and renounced the Manichean heresy.

His actual conversion was effected through his study of the Scriptures. Wrestling with the desire for fleshly pleasure or spiritual happiness, Augustine often meditated by himself. One day a child's voice chanting "Tolle lege! Tolle lege!" pierced his mind. He took up the Epistle of St. Paul and read. The words were from Romans 13:13-14: "Not in revelry and drunkenness, not in debauchery and wantonness, not in strife and jealousy; But put ye on the Lord

<sup>5</sup>Bourke, *Quest of Wisdom*, p. 56.

<sup>6</sup>*Loc. cit.*

<sup>7</sup>Bourke, *Quest of Wisdom*, p. 260. From De. Civ. VIII, 5.



Jesus Christ, as for the flesh, take no thought for its lusts." A clear answer was presented for him.<sup>8</sup>

Hesitant even now to accept this answer, he retired to the country estate of Verecundius in Cassiacum. Here St. Augustine resolved his philosophical doubts and reconciled his Neo-Platonic philosophy to the Christian religion. The spirit had conquered the flesh.

He is the son of Monica and of Grace. Patricius was but the instrument of sin that was necessary to clothe his spirit in flesh.<sup>9</sup>

Ambrose then baptized him in 387 just prior to his mother's death. The Neo-Platonist and Christian had vanquished the African—indeed the son of Monica was victorious over the son of Patricius.

Augustine the author arises now after his ordination as presbyter in 390. Besides his ecclesiastical labors undertaken until his death in 430, Augustine actively defended the Catholic Church in Africa. By nature he was always eager for a dispute. Thus when the Christian religion was physically or verbally attacked, Augustine became the antagonist. The Donatists, the Manicheans, the Pelagians, and the Arians encountered his rebuttals through his polemic works. The Church encouraged his dogmatic treatises and exegetical works. The Christians were instructed and the pagans were converted through his moral and pastoral theological writings. Thinkers sought his philosophical masterpieces.

Individuals in the Roman empire were awakened to Augustine the author through his extensive writings. The time approached when the entire Roman world would feel Augustine's power and spirit.

The sack of Rome in 410 furnished the matter for this world-wide recognition. The pagan attacks on Christians furnished the form for this recognition. The philosopher and writer fused. The Christian apologist blazed forth into the center of combat.

In the meantime, as a result of the invasion of the Gothic forces under their king, Alaric, and due to the impetus of this great disaster, Roman pagans, tried to blame this overthrow on the Christian religion, and they began to blaspheme the true God even more harshly and bitterly than was their wont. And so, I undertook the writing of the books of the *City of God*, in order to combat their blasphemies and error.<sup>10</sup>

Hence Augustine explains his actual purpose and motivation. A personal and more immediate inducement also challenged him. This is evident in his epistles to the Pro-consul of Africa, Volusians a pagan. He undertakes this apologetic work first through correspondence. The following excerpt reveals his theme and keynote of the *City of God*:

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<sup>8</sup>Augustine, *Confessions*-Oates, pp. 125-127.

<sup>9</sup>Papini, *St. Augustine*, p. 26.

<sup>10</sup>Augustine, *Retractiones* II 43 PL 32, 647-48. Quoted in Bourke, *Quest of Wisdom*, pp. 181-182.

"In this does the salvation of a praiseworthy state consist: that no really good city can be founded or kept going except on the foundation and bond of faith and firm concord. When the highest and truest common good, which is God, is sought; when men love one another most sincerely, in God—since He it is by Whom their minds are enabled to love, and from Whom their mutual love cannot be hidden—then men truly love each other."<sup>11</sup>

*De Civitate Dei* was begun in 413 and completed in 426. St. Augustine's work is a masterpiece of logic and literature, of philosophy and history, and of Christian principles and God's reflected glory. This is evident throughout the twenty-two books.

The purpose of the first ten books is to directly counterattack the assaults the pagan Roman society made on the influence of the Christian society. Books I to V refute the idea that the prosperity of the State is dependent on a polytheistic worship. Books VI to X refute the idea that this same form of worship is mandatory for happiness in future life. Augustine discusses whether wars and such crises are inevitable for the scheme of man on earth. Rome is exemplified as the all perfect State by pagan Roman citizens. Augustine pictures Rome as the imperfect, immoral State as the aftermath of a pagan society, not the Christian society.

In the second phase of the *City of God*, the twelve books develop the philosophy of the society. Augustine formulates a definite plan and theory as a rebuttal for any pagan who would criticize his idealism. The method employed to contrast a perfect and an imperfect society is allegorical. This is accomplished by depicting two cities; the city of bad and the city of good under the terms of the Terrestrial City and the Celestial City which represent the concepts of paganism and true religion.

What differentiates these two cities is the force of love and the direction of the will. It is the problem of love of God versus love of self. Augustine expressed this principle in an earlier work which indicated his writing the future *City of God*.

These are two loves: the first is holy, the second foul; the first is social, the second selfish; the first consults the common welfare for the sake of a celestial society, the second grasps at a selfish control of social affairs for the sake of arrogant domination; the first is submissive to God, the second tries to rival God; the first is quiet, the second restless; the first is peaceful, the second trouble-making; the first prefers truth to the praises of those who are in error, the second is greedy for praise however it may be obtained; the first is friendly, the second envious; the first desires for its neighbor what it wishes for itself, the second desires to subjugate its neighbor; the first rules its neighbor for the good of its neighbor, the second for its own advantage; and (these two Loves) make a distinction among the angels, the first love belongs to the good angels, the second to the bad angels; and they also separate the two "cities" founded among the race of men, under the wonderful and ineffable Providence of God, administering and ordering all things which have been created; the first (city) is that of the just,

<sup>11</sup>Augustine, *Epistles* 137, 17. Edited by Parsons, Letters, p. 34.

the second (city) is that of the wicked. And though they are now, during the course of time, intermingled, they shall be divided at the last judgment; the first, being joined by the good angels under its King, shall attain eternal life; the second, in union with the bad angels under its king, shall be sent into eternal fire. Perhaps, we shall treat, God willing, of these two cities, more fully in another place.<sup>12</sup>

## CHAPTER II

### THE FORM

#### Act of Augustine

St. Augustine's actual concept of history is embodied in Book XIX of *De Civitate Dei*. In Books XI through XVIII this philosophy of history is manifested by his interpretation of cause and effect.<sup>1</sup> First the origin of the two societies is discussed, then the historical development. The proper ends of these cities is the thematic purpose of Book XIX.

These ends are determined by the acts of each city. Just as from one common origin the two societies of angels arose, so also from a common origin the two human cities developed. The human cities sprang from one ancestor—Adam. The solidarity of human beings continued, although after the fall of man the use and abuse of free will separated them. Some men willingly received the grace of God to redeem themselves spiritually. They established one society. Others, however, rejected God's gift in order to live sensually. These also formed a society. This use or abuse of man's free will distinguishes both cities. Ultimately the origin is in two contrasting loves or acts of the will. The Terrestrial City glories in itself, loving itself in contempt of God. The Celestial City glories in God, loving God even to contempt of self.<sup>2</sup>

With the origin established, Augustine proceeds to analyze the cities on a historical level. He does this in a manner different from previous writers. His historical survey is not only to state facts and series of events for the purpose of introducing the past to the curious present. His distinction in this survey as influenced by his philosophy of history.

From the fall of man to the fifth century A.D. the two societies progress as the two cities—one of heavenly values, one of earthly values. They are not absolutely distant cities but are intermingled through time. Not until the Final Judgment will the societies be separated.

All man's acts are directed to an end. God is man's true Last End. However, those of the Earthly City strive after other ends consequently ignoring God. Book XIX culminates with the characteristics

<sup>12</sup>Augustine, *De. Gen. ad Lit.* XI: 15, 20. Quoted in Bourke, *Quest of Wisdom*, p. 249.

<sup>14</sup>"A philosophy of history springs from a writer's whole view of human destiny, and thus embodies his philosophy of life; an interpretation of historical material is merely a writer's explanation of the significance of a series of events, an epoch, or a movement." Allan Nevins, *The Gateway to History*, New York: D. C. Heath and Co., 1938, p. 24.

<sup>2</sup>Bourke, *Quest of Wisdom*, p. 267.

of the Celestial City; her ends and activities. The historical development of the cities is viewed now in a philosophical aspect.

Whereas before, the Greek and Roman writers stated history, St. Augustine interpreted and "sacramentalized" history.<sup>3</sup> Prior to St. Augustine, history was considered as a record of "memorable events" or "instructive pieces." History existed only as a branch of literature for the Graeco-Roman world.<sup>4</sup> Fate was their only indication of a philosophy.

They made varying allowances for the inter-position of the Gods, but never formulated any view of a grand final goal, some far off, divine event, toward which the gods guided mankind.<sup>5</sup>

The implication that Augustine may be considered the first Christian philosopher of history but not the first philosopher of history with a definite system may be refuted in four ways.<sup>6</sup> They are first with regard to the purpose and end of history, second in respect to the concept of time, third considering history as a creative process, finally with the introduction of the philosophy of society and politics with the philosophy of history.

It has been commented that St. Augustine sacramentalized history. This was his concept of history's purpose—to elevate facts and events from the branch of literature to a high dignity by relating history with God. This is fundamental in Augustine's theory. All *res* and *actiones* and *personae* must glorify God as their Creator and retain a necessary bond between them as His creation. History must be viewed as the "Story of man in his multiple relations: religious, social, economic, political."<sup>7</sup> Literature now would be an artifact of the people of history.

All history searches for truth. The Graeco-Roman writers sought a more material cause and effect to produce the truth. Augustine delved into an immaterial, spiritual cause and effect, God was eternally present and related to the truth, as God is All Truth. The end is the one for both concepts of history, but the purpose determines the means to this end and these means differ.

The element of time to the Greeks and Romans appeared cyclical and recurrent. Time was circular having no specific goal. Augustine's concept was the antithesis; history moved in a straight line leading to a known goal. Thus he broke the circular movement by introducing Time as possessing an absolute and definite end. The events which had moved in futile progression now acquired a positive progression directed toward a goal. They were no longer just of value in the material order, but now they represented value in the immaterial order.<sup>8</sup>

(To be Continued)

<sup>3</sup>Peter Guilday, *Catholic Philosophy of History*, New York: P. J. Kennedy and Sons, 1936, p. 121.

<sup>4</sup>Excerpts from class notes for History 199: Methodology, fall semester 1955-56, S. Agnes Bernard CSJ.

<sup>5</sup>Nevins, *Gateway to History*, p. 241.

<sup>6</sup>Whitney J. Oates states, "... elaborates certainly the first Christian philosopher of history, if not, as many would maintain, the first genuine philosophy of history ever to appear." From *Basic Writings of St. Augustine*, Vol I, New York: Random House Publisher, 1948, p. xxxiii.

<sup>7</sup>Excerpts from class notes for History 143: Modern Europe, fall semester 1955-56, S. Agnes Bernard CSJ.

<sup>8</sup>M. C. D'Arcy S. J. et al., *A Monument to St. Augustine*. New York: Lincoln Mac Veagh: The Dial Press, 1930, p. 69.



## History of Lake Arrowhead

(A research problem)

By Joan Watters

There are mountains everywhere in California. From snow topped Shasta in the north to majestic Whitney in the south there exists a vast and mighty chain of splendorous beauty that marks California as the, "Golden State." Within this chain abides the most majestic and mysterious of all mountains, the Mountain of the Arrowhead.

Officially known as the San Bernardino Mountain range it rises abruptly from the surrounding valley floor to heights from 5,000 to 8,000 feet, reaching its highest point at the peak of San Gorgonio Mountain, which is 11,485 feet.<sup>1</sup>

The symbol of the arrowhead is visible for thirty miles and is one of nature's most startling phenomenon.

With its point downward the gigantic arrowhead is a quarter of a mile in length and 449 feet in width comprising an area of 7½ acres. It is caused by a growth of green vegetation known as "white sage" springing from a gray soil of decomposed granite. The growth and soil are confined to the arrowhead's absolutely perfect outlines; closing in on this outline is a dark soil on which is a growth of thick chaparral composed mostly of chamiso and greenwood.<sup>2</sup>

Thus the Arrowhead was formed but who or what caused the formation? Was the arrowhead there when the mountains first rose from the flood, or was it wrought afterwards by some wonderful race of men in a dim age of the past? Only legend and conjecture can supply the answer.

As there should be, there are numerous legends surrounding this mystery stretching from the most romantic to the most scientific, but still not supplying a credible answer.

A Cahullia legend tells us that the Great White Father sent an "arrow of fire" to guide the Cahullia westward after they had been driven from their homes by aggressive neighbors. The arrowhead finally rested on a mountainside with its point toward a fertile valley (San Bernardino) and a boiling hot springs.<sup>3</sup>

There exist other Cahullia legends and a Guachina legend which has become part of Indian folklore, but the one most commonly accepted is that of the Piute Indians, members of the Uto-Azthehan family and classified under the title of the Panamint. This tribe were the natural inhabitants of the San Bernardino Mountains.

Their legend tells that centuries ago, two Piute braves fought to the death for the hand of a lovely Indian maiden, in the

<sup>1</sup>Edward V. Salitare, *California Almanac and State Fact Book* (Maywood: California Almanac Co., 1954-55), p.304.

<sup>2</sup>Anon., "Legends of the Arrowhead," *Arrowhead Magazine*, (September 1916), p. 44.

<sup>3</sup>Federal Writers Project, *California, A Guide to the Golden State* (New York: Hastings House, 1943), p. 616.



hills below where the Arrowhead now lies. One brave, upon realizing he had mortally wounded his opponent, triumphantly shot his arrow high into the sky; six months later by some miracle, a huge Arrowhead appeared upon the spot where the arrow had landed.<sup>4</sup>

These were the tales the Red Man told the White Man when he first pushed his way into the Indian domain and added to their folklore a more credible tale of his own.

In 1846 within the settlement of Salt Lake City, Utah a man given to dreams, had one in which he saw plainly visible on a mountainside, the symbol of arrowhead. Since he was in a position to command men, the Dreamer dispatched a party of his people Westward and told them to settle only in the valley toward which the arrowhead pointed. In 1851 after much searching and many near failures, the dream was fulfilled. The Dreamer, Brigham Young, saw his people, the Mormons, settled in the valley of San Bernardino—the Valley of the Arrowhead.

Such are the stories of the Arrowhead that throw no light on source but supply a cause.

... if it were the intent of the inscrutable power that branded the mountain to draw the attention of all men to it, no symbol at all approaching the effectiveness of the arrowhead could have been used.<sup>5</sup>

Years before Brigham Young or his Mormon followers were thought of, the years when the United States was first feeling the pains of birth, other White men turned their thought Westward and encountered the "Mysterious Mountain."

The first white man to cross the San Bernardino Mountains was Padre Francisco Garces, the famous Spanish priest-explorer, who came in 1776 from the Colorado River.<sup>6</sup>

Thus, Padre Garces made the Cross and the Arrowhead partners in a venture, if only for a brief moment in history.

Actual colonization movements began fifty years later in 1826 when Jedediah Strong Smith traveled the same trail from the Colorado, this making him the first American to enter California overland. Mojave Indians served as guides from the Colorado for both Garces and Smith and they naturally used their Indian trail which followed the Mojave River to its headwaters in the San Bernardino Mountains. "On September 19, 1931 the San Bernardino County Historical Society placed a monument and tablet to Father Garces and Smith at the place where the ancient Mojave trail crossed the summit of the mountains."<sup>7</sup>

It is an unfounded claim that the first white man to actually set foot in the region that is now occupied by Lake Arrowhead was

<sup>4</sup>"Legends of the Arrowhead," *op. cit.*, p. 45.

<sup>5</sup>John S. McGroarty, *California, Its History and Romance* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1911), p. 12.

<sup>6</sup>Mildred Brooke Hoover, H. E. Renseh and G. E. Renseh, *Historic Spots in California* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1948), p. 38.

<sup>7</sup>Hoover, Renseh and Renseh, *loc. cit.*

Genadye Smith in 1826. What his background was or if he was a relative of Jedediah Strong Smith still remains a mystery. During the years 1930-50 pioneer pack trains crossed the mountains into the valley below, and most emphasis was placed upon colonization of the area surrounding Ranchero Assistencia de San Bernardino. It was only natural that these pioneers disregard the mountains as choice points for settlement since wild bear and still wilder Indians were current residents of the region.

In 1981 when the Mormons came they traveled by way of Cajon Pass which was then referred to as "San Bernardino Canyon" and is commemorated as the Mormon Road. Little is known of those first brave colonist who established the settlement in the Lake Arrowhead region, but we can quote from the diary of Benjamin Wilson, early San Bernardino rancher who had trouble with raiding parties of Piute Indians,

I (B. Wilson) Organized an expedition in San Bernardino, sent the pack train and soldiers through the Cajon Pass, while myself and twenty-two went up the San Bernardino River through the mountains and crossed into Bear Valley. Before arriving at Bear Lake we captured a village the people of which had left, except two old women and some children. On the evening of the second day we arrived at the Lake, the whole Lake and swamp seemed alive with bear . . .<sup>8</sup>

The village to which reference is made in this quote is taken to be present day Arrowhead Village and the lake mentioned is Big Bear Lake which was given its name by Wilson.

As more and more settlers infiltrated into the mountains, around 1857 a settlement known to the Indians as Sagital sprung up, later it was called Zonja Spill but was officially known to the white settlers as Little Bear Valley. What was life like then in the wilderness of the San Bernardino Mountains? "Southern California experienced a minor boom at the time of the gold rush when the demand for cattle and brandy brought momentary prosperity. Successful agricultural colonies existed at such places as the San Bernardino Mountains and Valley."<sup>9</sup>

In 1857 there were several important Indian fights. One took place near the present water tower; six Indians participated and one was killed. This fight was started when an Indian shot the horse of a white man riding through. As the white man began firing from behind ground cover others came to his aid. The next day the Indians burned a cabin, belonging to Bill Cane, an early settler, located west of Arrowhead Village. Eleven men, with nine guns were available for the fight; while three men stayed at home to protect the women.

Eight men sought out the pillaging Indians; they went from Blue Jay to Arrowhead in deep snow, hunting them. On Indian Hill (midway) they met. The Indians had one or two rifles and the rest had bows and arrows. John Welty suffered a shoulder wound and Bill Cane a leg wound. The Indian chief was killed and the rest

<sup>8</sup>Robert Glass Cleland, *Pathfinders* (San Francisco: Powell Publishing Company, 1929), p. 385.

<sup>9</sup>Carey McWilliams, *Southern California County* (New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1946) p. 114.

fled, although several were hit; the chase continued till the Indians were pursued to the desert, from which they never returned again to Little Bear Valley.

Most of this information has come to us from John Talmadge, who is probably the first child to be born at Lake Arrowhead, on September 30, 1864. Some thought his brother Bill (deceased) was born there in 1862, but we know that the younger Talmadge was born in El Monte, March 17, 1862 and brought to Lake Arrowhead when he was a few months old.

That life never lacked excitement in this area is more than self-evident. Where Lake Arrowhead now splashes was once a fine meadow and in it grew a good quality of wild meadow hay, which grew three feet high and was harvested for the livestock.

As early as 1873, there were four sawmills: Hueston's Mill at Hueston's Flats, Ryler's Mill on Grass Valley Creek, Clies Mill in the Blue Jay area, and Lepraix Mill on the south shore of Little Bear. The people who owned and operated these mills generally lived on the mountain the year round and endeavored to be self sufficient. All the lumber mills were closed down in those early days from November to May, as were all roads. There was no travel at all except by snowshoe. In the Spring after the snow had melted, there was much repair work to be done around the mills, such as, renewing used parts, replacing logs tracks, carriage rollers, wagons, and chutes. Men had to be hired for mill and logging work; each mill used approximately six hands inside and four or more bringing in timber. The sawing season began about the middle of May and continued, weather permitting, until early December. Dozens of teamsters were making the 7½ hour trip from San Bernardino regularly, by way of the old Mormon road. Many of their families moved into tiny houses and old cook shacks so that each mill became a small summer settlement. Fresh meat to supply all mouths was obtained each week by driving steers over from Holton's Ranch, near Cajon Pass, via the new cut wagon road. Flour, potatoes, and beans came up from town in an empty lumber wagon; beets, cabbage, and turnips were grown on the millsites. Deer was plentiful in the woods, and occasionally friends from the valley would bring up honey, eggs, and grapes. Enough milking was done locally to supply the children and furnish butter. Such was the working side of the Little Bear Colonists, but what of their social life.

The entire population would get together on holidays and on many summer Saturday nights for a picnic and a dance; dances were given mostly for the young ladies who came up, and farewell parties for the departing families. In like manner they all worked together at road building, fire fighting, nursing the sick, or any other need that was felt by all. The women found time aside from cooking for countless hands, visitors, and business callers to visit and ride horseback together. Political candidates from below called the "lectionneer" came. Elections were held at Lepraix's or Calies' mill and the returns were hurried down the mountains to the "toen."

Occasionally a worker imbibed too freely at Old John's or on his

Saturday off in San Bernardino and failed to return to work until Tuesday or Wednesday. Nearly always there were plenty of others to take his place, or at worst the mill went shorthanded, grumbling about a slowed pace. In August, 1875 at Tyler's Mill, a crank shaft broke through a cylinder head and both had to be hauled down the hill and shipped to San Francisco for repairs. No work could be done for a month.

Although it makes for rather dull reading, it would be well to stop here and record some of the names of those early Arrowhead dwellers. Giving credit where credit is due we list the following: J. B. Tyler, Lou Lydia Josie, Jo Wilson, Charles Tyler (smithy), Bart Smithson, Quigley, Mrs. Chuid, Johnny Hughs, John Easton (driver), Farley Heaps (driver), Mr. and Mrs. Sam Valentine, James and Henry Warren, Steve St. John, Joe Clues, his wife and daughter, Johnathan Richardson, Dutch Charlie, Bill Beamus, several Talmadges, Jay Decrew, Hy Stone, West Turner, Long Davis, Bill Welsh, Miss Martin, Mrs. Daley Ward Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, Judge Boren, Miss Swartout, Frank Moore, Doctor Laird, etc. This list does not pretend to be complete, nor is the spelling guaranteed. The names come from scattered old records, written in many hands, but it seems to be a good thing to set down what is on hand.

In 1870 the Dailey Road was built by valley people with valley money at a cost of only \$7,000. This was the beginning of the boom period of the 80's in California. The San Bernardino Valley Railroad began track-laying in April, and proposals for extending the existing Colton-San Bernardino motor line to Arrowhead were broached.<sup>10</sup> Reflection of life in the valley below was seen in the new manufacture, on the mountain, of resin boxes and in a carload of ice supplied by LePraix who shipped it to Arizona on the Southern Pacific that left Colton on July 23, 1881.

Van Slykes sold his Devil's Cayon Mill to Sommers in 1880; the next year this same man bought LePraix's old mill site. The mill tycoon also had a mill on the present Lowe place and one near the Squirrel Inn at the Junction of Little Strawberry and the Toll Road. Other owners were Gregory and Guernsey who both had mills in several locations and together they operated a mill in Rose Canyon at about the site of the Arrowhead Alpine Club pool; they owned 1500 to 1800 acres.

Glancing over random entries in the Tyler Diary between the years 1867-71 we get a very clear picture of some of the activities of the Little Bear residents during that period.

**"January 29, 1867**—Indians attacked James Sawmill. Pillaged Cain house. Armstron, Robinson, Cain and Talmadge, mill hands, pursued Indians to Rabbit Springs, killing four."

**December, 1873**—Bart Smithson's little son sick. Neighbors take turns sitting up. Dr. Laird came up from town. December 9th boy dies. All walked the 12 miles to town carrying the body on their shoulders."

<sup>10</sup>Glenn S. Dumke, *The Boom of the Eighties in Southern California* (San Marino: Huntington Library, 1944) p. 120.



**"March 23, 1876**—Mrs. LePraix dies. Married a year. Left a new baby. Hill cast 19 votes in Hayes-Tilden election."

**"May 22, 1877**—William Caley dies. Talmadge & Co. organized."

**"August 18, 1877**—LePraix blacksmith shop and all tools burned."

**"May, 1878**—Thirty men working on road up from town."

**"July 29, 1878**—Eclipse."

**"Sept. 29, 1878**—Judge Boren called, soliciting stock in the toll road."

**"May 7, 1879**—Voted for the new California constitution."

**"May 22, 1879**—Tylers moved mill to Camp Seelzy."

**"July 31, 1879**—Wedding of Edna Talmadge and Jeff Daley; Dance at Talmadge Mill."

**"Jan. 11, 1880**—Nearly total eclipse of the sun at 4 p.m."

**"July 11, 1880**—Dutch Charlie's store burned."

**"Jun. 18, 1881**—LePraix sold his old mill to Van Slyke."

**"Feb. 28, 1881**—Price schedule bond signed by Van Slyke and Tyler, Talmadge and Co., Lewis Carr and Sommers, LePraix, and Tyler Bros."

**"July 2, 1881**—Garfield assassinated. Heard in San Bernardino Sept. 20th."

**"July 23, 1881**—LePraix shipped carloads of ice to Arizona on new Southern Pacific Railroad."

**"Dec. 6, 1881**—Took 39 heads of oxen to Chino Ranch for the winter."<sup>11</sup>

The history of Lake Arrowhead goes back to the year 1891 when a group of Cincinnati, Ohio, capitalists conceived the idea of a great irrigation project that would conserve the waters of the whole area surrounding Little Bear Valley. If the project had ever been completed in its entirety, it would have been one of the great engineering projects of that era.<sup>12</sup>

The first step in this stupendous undertaking was to be the construction of a main reservoir in the Little Bear Valley which would impound the natural drainage of Little Bear Creek, a tributary of Deep Creek. An inlet tunnel was to be constructed westward to Deep Creek and then on to Crab and Holcomb Creeks, and all of their waters were to be diverted from the Deep Creek watershed into the reservoir. Diversion dams and regulating reservoirs were to be located at Deep Crab, and Holcomb Creeks. The over-all plan called for the construction of over sixty miles of water conveyances and tunnels, of which over six and a half miles of tunnels were actually completed, the smallest tunnels being five feet in diameter.

Negotiations were started for the purchase of land as far west as Pomona and as far southwest as Chino. The original surveys indicated that the creation of this reservoir, now Lake Arrowhead, would give two and a half million acres of newly irrigated land to southern California.

The Little Bear Valley project was really the brain child of J. E. Mooney and not the Proctor and Gamble interests as has been so often stated. Mr. Mooney, a bachelor, and one of the founders of Squirrel Inn, was a multi-millionaire who had been most successful

<sup>11</sup>J. D. Tyler, *Diary*. Diary compiled by early resident of Lake Arrowhead over a period of five years, 1867-82.

<sup>12</sup>Ferris H. Scott, *Rim of the World Guide*, (Santa Ana: Western Resorts Publications, 1953) p. 8.



in the leather and coffin business. Mr. Mooney and his group organized the Aroowhead Reservoir Company in Cincinnati in 1890, and the election of James N. Gamble, of Proctor and Gamble, as president added greatly to the prestige of the whole venture.

Under the direction of Colonel Adolph Wood, first vice-president and general manager, 5,240 acres of land were purchased, water rights were obtained and engineers were put to work. The building of the dam began in 1893, supplies were brought up partly by the little electric rail system up Waterman Canyon for a distance of 4,400 feet and then carted by mule and oxen teams up the Dailey Road. With E. H. Kellogg as chief engineer, the dam was built in bed rock with a core wall and earth fill. All the trees and brush were removed from what was to be the lake bottom, which accounts for the crystal clear quality of the water. There are no decaying plants on the bottom.

A small contractors train was built at the dam site to carry earth fill from an old fashioned steamshovel.

An interesting but none-too-successful project to speed the delivery of supplies was the construction of the "Incline." This consisted of rails almost straight up the side of the San Bernardino Mountains from Waterman Canyon to skyland. An earlyday gasoline engine at the summit was the power used to haul the cables and flat cars to the top; later on the powerhouse at Mill Creek furnished electric power. This incline, remnants of which may be seen today, was only partially successful, mainly because it was engineered with vertical curves and because the hoisting cables had a bad habit of tearing out the crossties. After intermittent use, the builders of the dam went back to freighting up the old canyon road, but for a generation the old incline served hikers as a favorite trail to the summit.

A toll house was established at Waterman Canyon by the Company and this became a matter of some litigation and considerable dissatisfaction on the part of the residents of the mountains. The toll house was burned down in 1897 and nearly cost the lives of Mrs. Wuestoff, the gate keeper's wife, and her four children. There was also much dissatisfaction in the mountains regarding the fact that Chinese labor was employed.

Between 1891 and 1908, several million dollars were spent; shortly before the completion of the dam, the state passed laws which prevented the selling of water from a secondary watershed. Little Bear Lake, as it was then called, was a secondary watershed and the valley, where it was proposed to sell the water, was in a primary area. Thus these laws effectually and fortunately disposed of the water sale plan and accidentally gave Californians the only artificial lake of any size on the west coast devoted solely to recreational purposes.

Progress was rapid in the area for whereas in 1890 the pioneer settlers were still harvesting meadow hay in the lake bottom, by 1906 the core wall was filled in, and a small lake was already be-

ginning to accumulate. Finally in 1907 the dam was completed, and the lake was one fourth full by 1911.

The roads leading into the mountains were practically all steep, narrow, rough toll roads traveled mostly by freight wagons at this time.

For many years the people of Southern California, and particularly those of San Bernardino county, had been clamoring for free water of the magnificent scenery and the wonderful air and water of the great mountain range. Although many projects were discussed, no definite action was taken until 1903, when the passage of a new act of the Legislature enable counties to buy and build roads out of general funds. The first big question to be decided was whether to build a road in Cold Water Canyon, in East Twin Creed, or to purchase the Arrowhead Toll Road. In 1905 the toll road was bought after much debate, and then began the tasks of buying up branch toll roads, of building approaches and switch-backs, and of cutting into the mountainside. Most of the Work was done by hand labor, aided by a few "Fresno Scrapers" and wagon team.<sup>13</sup>

The era of transportation arrived and the uses of the automobile were many; the teamsters, freighters, and drivers wanted no part of these new-fangled horseless carriages which frightened the horses. However, a compromise was finally reached, and autos were allowed on the roads at certain hours on certain days of the week. For years, the tough and rugged teamsters, whenever they could, continued to make it most uncomfortable for the mountain autoist; the automobile was forced to take the outside edge and to back up to the nearest turnout when the road was too narrow for passing. The teamsters always managed to time it so that there would be plenty of backing to do.

It is pretty well agreed among the old-timers that Arthur Drew, an engineer on the Arrowhead Dam project, was the first to take an auto up the switch-backs to the top. Jack Webber, who came to San Bernardino in 1907 and later was one of the first mechanics in the Arrowhead garage, is positive that Drew made his historic trip in 1908 in a 1908 Oldsmobile.

In 1910 Marshall Colley drove his father's 1907 model Tourist car to the top; this was undoubtedly the earliest model car to negotiate the switch-backs. A 1924 model Star belonging to Perry Greene was the first car to make the trip in high gear.<sup>14</sup>

The first car into Big Bear Valley over the 101-Mile Rim of the World route was a twenty-horse-power White Steamer, driven by John A. Heyster of Los Angeles. He was accompanied by Opie Warner, editor of the San Bernardino Free Press of that era, and George Wood, owner of one of three garages in Riverside at the time. The actual time for the trip was thirteen hours and seven minutes, but the running time was eight hours and seventeen minutes. Consequently, another new era began, an era that would have been considered a major miracle in the days of Padre Garces and J. S. Smith.

<sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 1.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 6.

The red men never told the white men that the mark on the mountain was officially an arrowhead. The early white settlers recognized it and named it, the "Ace of Spades" and for many years that was its name among the people of the San Bernardino Valley.<sup>15</sup>

Through the years the Arrowhead became less and less discernible as it was covered by an overgrowth of the thick chaparral that surrounded it.

In 1916 J. E. Elliot, Supervisor of the San Bernardino National Forest, set about preserving and mending the Arrowhead which had been damaged by overgrowth, flood and fire.<sup>16</sup>

This showed the complete recognition of the Valley people toward their most important and significant landmark—The Arrowhead.

The last of the glaciers in the general mountain range melted completely in about 1921, which marked the end of the ice age in the region.

In the fall of the same year the holdings of the Arrowhead Reservoir and Power Company passed into the hands of J. B. Van Nuys and a syndicate of Los Angeles capitalists. Two of the first things this group did were to change the name of Little Bear Lake to Lake Arrowhead and to assure for southern California the largest artificial lake.<sup>17</sup>

The new owners, known as the Lake Arrowhead Investment Corporation, proceeded to spend about five million dollars building a village, beautiful hotels, and all manner of facilities. They even built a large fish hatchery with forty troughs having a capacity for a million and a half eggs. Between 1922-26 several million of the finest Rainbow and Eastern Brook Trout were planted in the lake, making it a veritable fisherman's paradise.

On the opening day of the 1930 fishing season, the first limit of trout caught in Lake Arrowhead was rushed to Los Angeles and placed aboard a special TAT Maddox plane, consigned to President Herbert Hoover. L. T. Caliwell, secretary of the Lake Arrowhead Chamber of Commerce and representing the resort branch of the Isaak Walton League, was in charge of the clever promotional stunt which had fish in the nation's capitol within twenty-four hours after the season opened.

The following telegram was sent President Hoover that day:

Honorable Sir:

The first trout limit of the season caught in Lake Arrowhead before sunrise today was dispatched to you by special plane leaving Los Angeles at ten o'clock this morning, stop. This shipment has been carefully iced and should be delivered to you in time for luncheon Saturday, stop.

The shipment comes to you from the Lake Arrowhead branch of the Issak Walton League of America and with the sincere best wishes of all Pacific Coast anglers, stop. As you know,

<sup>15</sup>Anon., "Mending the Arrowhead," *Touting Topics*, (November, 1932), p. 26.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 42.

<sup>17</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 11.

<sup>18</sup>L. T. Colwell, *Telegram to President Hoover* (Lake Arrowhead: May, 1930) Text of telegram officially opening the fishing season at Lake Arrowhead.

all San Bernardino Mountain waters are at your disposal, stop. If you like the samples, come out and catch some of your own.

Respectfully,  
L. T. Colwell<sup>18</sup>

It is obvious from the above telegram that the wit so prevalent in the first settlers was carried over in the "Roaring Twenties." If President Hoover ever accepted this invitation is not known, but it is reasonable to presume that he was more than eager to.

Ventures ran smoothly for the new official Lake Arrowhead Village until about 1935 when the financial troubles of the depression began besetting the Arrowhead Investment Corporation. In 1940 the Corporation went into receivership and the beautiful lake and quaint Norman style village seemed doomed, but once again the "Great White Father" saw to the preservation of his region.

On January 15, 1946 Lake Arrowhead Village consisting of three hotels, the lake, and most of the village was purchased by the firm of Strub, Wilson and Wiggins, the owners of the San Francisco Ball Club.<sup>19</sup>

The Arrowhead development marked a major step in the promotional careers of Strub, Wilson, and Wiggins. Strub bought the San Francisco Ball Club in 1918; he and Gwynn Wilson took over management of the Golden Gate International Exposition in 1939, and working gratis, made a success of the fair. Before becoming associated with Strub, Wilson was graduate manager of the University of Southern California, where he set track records in his undergrad days. Wiggins is descended from a line of hotel men, which began in 1631 with Thomas Wiggins, an innkeeper who was first Governor of New Hampshire. He has operated his own chain of hotels in several states and during the war operated, without profit his Hotel Northampton and the Wiggins Old Tavern in Massachusetts for the Wave officers at Smith College. The Lake Arrowhead Village has been operated for the past ten years by the Los Angeles Turf Club.

"The Great San Bernardino Range, a mountain playground, is visited by more tourists every year than any other like section of the United States."<sup>21</sup>

Lake Arrowhead has become the "Water Skiing Capital" of the nation, and when winter comes snow sports, too, put in an appearance. Tobogganing, skiing, ice skating, and dog teams lure the Southern Californians into, "getting away for a weekend."

In 1956 the recreational aspect of Lake Arrowhead is emphasized, but in so doing one cannot forget the explorers of 1776 and the expeditions of 1826 but most important the settlers of 1856 who were the first "tourists" of the San Bernardino Mountains.

Historically, Lake Arrowhead may not seem as important as San Juan Capistrano or even as San Bernardino itself, for its mark upon

<sup>18</sup>Anon., "Lake Arrowhead, Calif." *Pacific Pathways*, I, No. 5 (July 1946), p. 29.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*, 33.

<sup>21</sup>Anon., "San Bernardino County," *The Grizzly Bear*, LX (March, 1937), p. 16.



a development of the state of California which has been one not often related and one too easily forgotten. It has been the aim of this paper to present a picture of Lake Arrowhead above and beyond its recreational significance; it is the researcher's hope that she has succeeded.

It is with regret that such interesting topics as the Arrowhead Hot Springs, the Rim of the World Highway and the Arrowhead Hotel, could not have been dealt with in this treatise, but in full justice to them, they must be left to another time and another paper.

In conclusion the author wishes to thank those early inhabitants, J. B. Tyler and J. Talmadge, for the use of their journals and diaries; for without these documents there would be no true history of the region. Grateful appreciation is extended, also, to the *Mountain News and Mountaineer*, G. Anderson, Editor, for his keen interest and special aid in this project; thanks are also given to the Lake Arrowhead Chamber of Commerce and the Los Angeles Turf Club.

Lastly, thanks must go to the present occupants of Little Bear Valley for their encouragement and assistance in compiling this history.

Today Lake Arrowhead, surrounded by beautiful resorts, palatial homes, and woodland slopes right to the water's edge, has become a little bit of Alpine culture in a Western setting, and California's answer to the picturesque lakes of Wisconsin, Maine, and the Adirondacks.

## WINTER NIGHT

By CAROL SEBASTIAN— an Alumna

*A gown of white organdy dresses the earth  
A black veil of diamonds twinkles with mirth  
The ermine gloved pines scent the air with spice  
While the couples waltz on a mirror of ice.*

## EVENING

*Cooling shadows slip over the earth  
The crisp, salty air heralds evenings birth  
The brilliant day bows silently  
As the sun bends down to kiss the sea.*



## The Lane That Had No Turning

By Nancy Cholewa

"Second floor." The doors parted.

"Please let me out." A heavy woman, her face topped by a red-plumed hat pushed her way to the door. "I've been on my feet all day and sometimes . . ." The doors closed.

The elevator of the apartment house hummed as Helen Kramer clicked her purse shut, and transferred the dress box in her arms to an upright position. A bundled child clutching her mother's coat with one hand, waved a baton menacingly in the other. A bald Italian in the corner, grocery bags bulging unevenly in his arms, glared at the child as the baton hit his shins. "You putta that stick down you . . . you."

"Third floor." Helen eased her way by the protruding baton, nodded to the operator and hurried down the hall. Her cheeks were flushed.

"Hello Helen. How was the office today, dear?" A small woman stood in the apartment doorway on the left, a broom poised in her hands.

"Fine Mrs. Burns, how are you?"

"Not too well, dear, my arthritis has been bothering me lately." Her voice followed Helen down the hall.

"Sure, sure, Mrs. Burns." Helen fumbled in her purse while she balanced her package against the apartment door. Finding the key she inserted it in the lock.

"Mom. . . Mom. Your beautiful daughter is home." Helen dropped her package on the dining room table.

"Hello dear." The older woman emerged from the kitchen, flour sprinkling her gingham dress. "Happy birthday, honey. How does it feel to be twenty-two?"

"Not a bit different." Laying her coat over the chair, Helen glanced toward the kitchen. "Baking anything special today, Mom . . . like a cake?"

"I just may be," her mother teased, "and maybe if you go dress up in something real nice, I may have a surpris for you."

"By the way Mom, did I get any mail today?"

Her mother laughed. "Well you got something from Sears Roebuck and some local loan company.

"Nothing else, Mom?" There was an edge in Helen's voice.

"Oh yes, there's a white envelope, rather large—looks like something I got one time from a Lonely Heart's Club."

"Uh Mom, is the mail on my dresser?" Her casualness was forced.

"Well of course, dear, that's where I always put it." Her mother patted the girl's arm affectionately. "We'll have dinner as soon as Barbara gets home—should be about fifteen minutes."

As the kitchen door closed after her mother, Helen grabbed her coat and dress box and hurried to her bedroom. In her rush she stumbled over the brown footstool in front of her door. Kicking the footstool she pushed the door open. The room was small with a

single twin bed, organdy curtains and a pink-scarfed dresser. Her eyes searched the dresser top. I't come, it's come! The Sears Roebuck advertisement and the local loan folder guarded the plain white envelope. Helen picked it up, her fingers ripping at the flap. She pulled out the single piece of paper, her eyes widening as she read the letter.

Dear Miss Kramer,

I accept your application to the Sisters of St. Benedict. Please fill out the enclosed forms and return them as soon as possible. I will be praying for your intention.

Sincerely yours,  
Mother Lawrence Cecile

(Won't Mom and Barbara be surprised! I wonder if they ever suspected?) Helen's lips parted in a smile revealing two deep dimples. She pressed the letter to her breast, her heart beating fiercely as tears slid to the corner of her mouth.

The tapping on the door interrupted her thoughts. "Hey sis." Barbara's head appeared partially. "Happy Birthday," she caroled. Barbara patted her billowy skirts as she pushed the door open. "Hey sis, I got all dressed up for the great occasion. Don't you think I look lovely?"

"Just beautiful." Her sister brushed her hand across her face. "You're the picture of loveliness."

"Boy, you should talk!" Barbara's voice mocked, "with those pools you call eyes and that little girl smile—everyone would think you're really a good kid . . ." She kissed her sister. "And that you are." Her skirt circled. "Come on into the living room for a sec—Mom and I have a surprise for you."

Helen followed obediently. On the coffee table in the living room were the blues and yellows of ribboned boxes.

"Surprise . . . surprise." Mrs. Kramer took Helen's free hand and she and Barbara escorted Helen to the sofa.

"Sit, dear sister and open this pile of packages from your adoring public." Barbara plopped on the floor.

"Which one first, Barb?"

"That blue one—looks like something good." Barbara handed the package to her sister. Helen broke the ribbon and removed the lid. The card lay on the tissue paper.

"Wonder who this is from?"

"Might help if you open it." Barbara pushed another package in front of her sister.

Helen opened the card and smiled. "How nice of my boss to remember my birthday."

"What does he say, dear?"

"Nothing too much Mom."

Barbara grabbed the card from her sister's hand. "Since you're so modest I'll read it." Her eyes gleamed. "Wow! He doesn't like you too much, does he?" She read the message.

Helen—

Something for your birthday in appreciation for all the nice things you've done for my wife and me. You're a wonderful girl and have made me realize that there still exists in this big world of ours, fine and generous people of which you are a prime example.

Most sincerely,  
John C. Duncan

Helen reddened. "Are you finished, Barbara?" She lifted a record album from under the tissue. "Oh, how nice, it's just what I wanted. He certainly had this well disguised with the card inside."

The next package was small and the hand writing on the card smeared. "Mrs. Stanevich," Helen said to her mother as she read the card silently.

Honey, these gloves I knit for you from little Agnes and I.  
May God bless you for your goodness to a stranger in your land. Happy birthday.

They opened the remainder of the gifts and Barbara said, "Gee, Sis, it seems that a few people think you're great but then I do too."

Mrs. Kramer handed a small green box to her daughter. "I have a little something for you too, dear. Barbara and I picked them."

"Oh Mom how sweet of you." She lifted the lid. "Oh Mom, they're lovely—they're just beautiful—oh Mom and Barb—thank-you." She held an exquisitely molded earring in her hand, the light glinting from its gold surface. "I'll wear them with my new dress tonight. Oh thank you again."

"Anybody hungry?" Mrs. Kramer stood up. "Let's finish things up."

Barbara laughed. "O.K. Mom, your wish is my command and by the way," she winked at her sister, "have I got a surprise for you!"

Helen gathered the boxes into her arms. "That's wonderful, and I have something to tell you too, little sister."

"Great, surprises all over the place. Well, let's go to work Mom."

Helen sat on her bed allowing her shoes to slip off. She looked at the envelope again. (I can't believe it—after all these years—everything's perfect. Have to look extra good tonight—my new dress—Mom's earrings). She looked around the room. (The earrings! left them in the other room).

The table in the dining room was partially set with red party horns over-shadowing each plate. With the blinds closed the room was dark but Helen found the box on the coffee table. (Hope Mom likes my new dress—she likes red—)

"Well Barbara dear, that's wonderful but you're so young." Her mother's voice came from the kitchen. "I've always liked Eddie, but how long have you been thinking of marriage?"

Helen's hand froze in mid-air. A curl which had escaped from her bangs fell over her eye. She didn't move.

"Well Mom, it's really very simple. I've been going with him for some time as you know," Barbara paused, "and well we decided that this was it." Her voice changed. "Mom, I know I'm young and now that I'm finishing school I could be some help, but you have

Helen. Mom you *do* understand." Her voice broke and Helen heard her Mother comforting her sister as the tea kettle hissed unnoticed.

(Marry—Barbara—No, I can't believe it). Her feet followed her body to her room. (It's a joke—that's what it is—a joke). Crossing the room Helen stared out the window. The cold pane tingled her flushed cheek. She pressed her clenched hands against the window. Outside, the wind whipped the trees and they swayed in ballet motion. It was very dark but she could see the paper boy puffing along the street, clapping his hands together to keep away the cold. The street lamp outlined the adjoining houses in ghost-like form while a trail of cars beep-beeped the silence.

(Barbara can't do this to me). Helen turned angrily from the window. (I've waited—put her through school—taken care of Mom—and now she wants to get married—just like that.)

The earring box lay on the window sill. Picking it up she walked to her bed. (This was going to be a perfect night—I was going to tell them—we were going to be so happy). She pulled the red wool dress from between the layer of tissue paper. The slim sheath had a high Empire line and as she clasped it to her body, the bright red seemed to accentuate her high coloring. (My birthday—my new dress). Her throat ached and a low moan slipped from between her clamped teeth. The tears fell and Helen didn't care. They slid down her cheeks and were absorbed in the softness of her new dress. The blackness of the room seemed to hide her, keep her safe in her grief. After a few minutes she took a handkerchief from the top drawer of her vanity and wiped the tears from her face. (No). She took a deep breath. (No, I can't . . . I just can't be like this—Mom, Barbara, I love them—Maybe some other time). Silence was everywhere. It hung from the curtains and was reflected in the mirror as Helen stood there, while the wind screeched outside leaving the stillness to absorb her.

.....

The birthday cake was flanked by gay napkins, and newly polished silver sparkled in the candle light. Mrs. Kramer sat at the head of the table between her two daughters. She was plump and distinguished looking in the black crepe dress; her grey hair pulled into a tight bun. Barbara's excited hands pushed the silver back and forth, her shining dark eyes and short black hair bobbing restlessly. The room smelled partyish with the buttered string beans and the steak-and-onions in the middle of the table.

Mrs. Kramer nodded to Helen. "Dear, say grace please? Helen . . ."

"Oh, oh sure, Mom." Helen blessed herself and began. "Bless us O Lord and these thy gifts which we are about to receive from thy bounty through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The grace ended, Mrs. Kramer prepared to serve. Barbara interjected. "Hey sis, how do you like these horns?" She blew the small red horn.

"They're certainly noisy but I can't remember a birthday without them." Helen toyed with the small horn.



Barbara's tongue moistened her lips. "Pass the mashed potatoes, Mom and the steak too please? What a dinner!"

Mrs. Kramer smiled. "I'm glad you like it dear." She looked at her daughter but Helen just sat there. Finally Helen said, "Mom this is lovely, it's just the nicest birthday I've ever had."

"And you're about the nicest daughter I've had in years—since Dad died, you've been wonderful."

Barbara clanked her fork and knife together. "Hey everybody, don't forget I'm here too!"

"Barbara, that would be impossible," Helen countered as she rubbed her hands on the napkin in her lap.

"More meat, potatoes, anything?" Mrs. Kramer questioned. "After all Helen, this is your birthday and you haven't eaten anything. Feeling ill, dear."

"No Mom, just saving room for the cake." Helen laid her fork across the top of her plate. (I'm fine—I'm fine, of course I'm fine). The white envelope raced before her eyes. Her lids closed. (Forget it Helen, forget it). Her mind drummed. (You love them—Barbara's going to be married.)

"Boy Mom, you can tell Helen's reached her prime. She can't even stay awake for her birthday party." Barbara's voice carried a tinge of sarcasm.

"I'm awake." Helen tossed her head. "Just thinking, a little."

In the meantime Mrs. Kramer had lit the candles and the tiny flames jumped over the swirling surface of the cake like children playing jump rope.

"Oh Mom, the cake looks simply wonderful!" Helen's eyes glowed.

"It looks great, Mom," Barbara interrupted. "Let's sing Happy Birthday so we can see if it's as good as it looks."

Mrs. Kramer's shrill high voice and Barbara's alto blended, "Happy Birthday dear Helen—Happy Birthday to you."

Barbara continued. "May you live till you die." Her voice choked. "Oh well you got the idea anyway." She motioned toward the cake. "Blow, sister."

The cake was "wonderful" and after two pieces Barbara sat back in her chair. "Everyone, I have a grand announcement to make." She produced a small box from her skirt pocket and held up a shiny object. "Helen, Eddie asked me to marry him and I accepted." She slipped the ring on her finger. "I'm so happy."

(This is it—this is what I've been expecting—say something—smile—don't just sit here). Helen spoke, "Barb, that's just wonderful, I'm so glad." She turned to her Mother. "Isn't this wonderful, Mom? Just think, our Barb, a bride!"

Mrs. Kramer nodded.

.....

The clock in Helen's room marked eleven. She sat in front of her vanity, a mask of cold cream covering her face. Taking a tissue she began to wipe off the cream. She smiled ruefully at the mirror. (Well—better go to bed—hard day at the office tomorrow).

Sh threw the tissue into the waste paper basket and turned off

the light on the vanity. She walked barefooted to her dresser. Her fingers felt for the white envelope. Finding it, her hand stopped. She felt numb as she tore the paper into small pieces. The light from the street outside guided her back to the waste paper basket. (Tomorrow I'll have to start figuring finances for Barb's wedding).

She slid into bed, pulling the heavy quilt over her. As she pushed a falling pin curl into place, her arm brushed against the book on her night stand. (How clumsy!) Helen blinked as the moonlight filtered through the window. Reaching for the book she returned it to the night stand. Her eyes closed and she burrowed her head in the pillow, but Helen could still see the title of the book, "The Lane That Had No Turning."

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## OLD DAN TUCKER

### A Radio Script

By Zan Joyce Thompson

#### 1

I WENT TO TOWN THE OTHER NIGHT  
I HEARD THE NOISE AND I SAW THE FIGHT  
THE WATCHMAN WAS A RUNNIN' 'ROUND  
SHOUTIN' OLD DAN TUCKER'S COME TO TOWN.

GET OUT THE WAY . . .

#### 2

DAN TUCKER WAS A FUNNY OLD MAN  
HE WASHED HIS FACE IN THE FRYIN' PAN  
HE COMBED HIS HAIR WITH A WAGON WHEEL  
AND HE DIED WITH A TOOTHACHE IN HIS HEEL.

GET OUT THE WAY . . .

#### 3

OLD DAN TUCKER AND I GOT DRUNK  
HE FELL IN THE FIRE AND HE KICKED OFF A STUMP  
SOME CHARCOAL FELL INSIDE HIS SHOE  
LORD BLESS YOU HONEY HOW THE ASHES FLEW.

GET OUT THE WAY . . .

#### 4

DAN TUCKER WAS A FUNNY OLD MAN  
HE LIKED TO RIDE OUR DARBY RAM  
HE TAKES HIM WHEELIN' DOWN THE HILL

IF HE HADN'T GOT UP HE'D BE THERE STILL  
GET OUT THE WAY . . .

## 5

I WENT TO TOWN TO BUY SOME GOODS  
I LOST MYSELF IN A PIECE OF WOODS  
THE NIGHT WAS COLD I HAD NO COVER  
IT FROZE THE HEEL OF DANIEL TUCKER.

GET OUT THE WAY . . .

## 6

AND NOW OLD DAN IS A GONE SUCKER  
AND NEVER CAN COME HOME TO SUPPER  
OLD DAN HE HAS HAD HIS LAST RIDE  
WITH THE BANJO BURIED BY HIS SIDE.

**Piano.**

I'll bet there was a man in your town who could play the banjo but who didn't have the faintest idea how to shingle a roof. . . . A man who could sing a song with forty nine verses. . . . A man who could make the deacon laugh. Well, if he'd lived fifty years ago, they'd have called him Dan Tucker.

In these days they went to the dance at the church hall once a month and there you had it. No movies, no radio, no theatre, no symphonies. So on Saturday night all the little Mary Janes put on their alpacas—twelve yards around the bottom—and got into the wagon. They came from miles around. Girls who had fried chicken for the harvesters that day were transferred into dancing gamins—and at these parties it was Dan Tucker who led the crowd. You couldn't find him when you had to plant the south forty acres, but you didn't care. Because at the dances there he was—laughing, jigging, singing—making you feel like the prettiest girl who ever danced a reel or the most debonair gallant who ever hitched old Dobbin to the wagon of a Saturday night in June.

**Piano.**

People felt that Dan Tucker was really there. He and the fiddler were the two most important figures at the dance. The fiddler would call "Swing Your Partners," "Down the Middle Then Couples To The Right—Do Se Do and Away We Go—Go In Tucker."

Then a lad in boots who had come without a lady would run across the floor and grab a laughing girl and the extra man would step back and wait his turn. It wasn't at the Astor Roof that someone thought up cutting in. It was in the barns and church vestries forty years ago.

Dan Tucker was the symbol of irresponsible gaiety—at once the despair and delight of his industrious neighbors. From town halls and village church vestries came his whimsical tune. The Wallace Sisters bring you now "Old Dan Tucker" with his quaint patchwork

philosophy and the tales of his exploits, half fact, half fancy—As American as baked beans and brown bread.

Song . . .

The cast of our SCRAPBOOK PLAYERS brings you a sketch built around this old character to give you a clearer conception of the old man himself, OLD DAN TUCKER.

On the grassy bank of a stream sits an old man, a dilapidated top hat askew on his head. Beside him on the ground is a knapsack and an old banjo—never far from his skilled hands. A meadow lark trills and the old man smiles. The leaves rustle and he turns his head as a boy approaches.

TOMMY: Hullo.

DAN: Hullo.

TOMMY: Are you gettin' anything Mister?

DAN: Not gettin' any fish, but I guess I'm gettin' what I want.

TOM: Well, Gee, don't you want fish? What are you fishin' for if you don't want any?

DAN: Oh, I wouldn't mind if I caught a few. Guess I'd like to catch about three trout. That'd be two for supper and one for breakfast.

TOM: Well, what you mean by sayin' you were gettin' what you wanted if you wasn't catching fish?

DAN: Well, I'm gettin' sunshine and fresh air and every once in a while there's a meadowlark in that tree that sings a song or two. That's about all I want really.

TOM: Gee, that's a funny thing to say. Don't you want anything like maybe a gold watch or something?

DAN: No.

TOM: Say, what's your name Mister?

DAN: My name is James Foster Wellington, son, but nobody knows it. Mostly they call me OLD DAN TUCKER. What's your name.

TOM: My name's Tommy Andrews. Why do they call you a funny name like Dan Tucker if you've got a long name like the one you really have?

DAN: Didn't you ever hear the song about OLD DAN TUCKER?

TOM: No. I don't think so. Was he a real man?

DAN: Well, Tommy, I don't think anybody really knows.

TOM: Well, why do they call you his name?

DAN: I'll tell you, Tommy. He was kind of like me.

TOM: Didn't he care about catchin' fish either?

DAN: There's a little more to it than that Tommy. He didn't care about things most people think are important. There are people that think it really matters if they wash on Monday and iron on Tuesday. People who think if they don't plow so many acres a day the world will collapse. It won't.

TOM: But Gee, Mister—You gotta plant when it's plantin' time and everything.

DAN: Sure you do, Tommy. But you don't have to wear yourself out doing it. Why—people get all knotted up in their own little affairs



and they don't even have time to smile. They scratch and dig away in their own little patch, and then someday they wake up and they're old. Their joints are stiff and they can't walk in the rain. They say to themselves, they say, "Look here—you've got a bag full of silver dollars. You better have some fun." But Tommy, it's too late. The parade's gone by without them. They're left standing there without even any memories and they can't do anything about it.

TOM: What did you do about it?

DAN: I went out to find my share of sunshine, Tommy, and I guess I've done it. You know, people don't know what fun there is in everything. Now listen hard Tommy. Even this stream is laughing. People say it's gurgling—but that's because they don't know. It's laughing as it runs along in the sunshine.

TOM: I've never seen you before. Where do you live, Mr. Wellington?

DAN: You better call me Dan, son. Nobody's called me anything else for forty years.

TOM: Where do you live, Dan?

DAN: I live where the grass is greenest and the sky is bluest, Tommy.

TOM: Where's that, Dan Tucker?

DAN: No special place. You have to follow it around, you see—so that's what I do.

TOM: You mean you just travel around all the time. You must be a bum!

DAN: That's a rather harsh name, Tommy, for a gentleman who troubles no one.

TOM: Well, Gee, do you steal or something?

DAN: A dangerous question for one gentleman to ask another. But, no, Tommy—I don't steal. I just travel down the road. When I come to a likely looking place I stop. Then I pitch hay or something for some farmer till I get a little stake. Then just when everybody thinks they've thoroughly domesticated me I get up some clear blue morning and just go on down the road.

TOM: How'd you start? Didn't you ever want to be anything else?

DAN: I never did, Tommy. You see it was watching the people around me that made me choose my career. My father was in what they call finance. That's a big term for a little head like yours, Tommy. It just means he knew more about money than he did about catching trout. He knew where to get ahold of 100 shares of something or other but he didn't know where to find the first violets in spring.

TOM: Well, is that why you left?

DAN: That's about half of it, Tommy. You see, we had different ideas about what was important. The other half of the reason was that he never smiled. He had a groove from his nose to his chin and his eyebrows touched in the middle. I left home when I was twenty and in all that time I never saw my father smile.

TOM: Well do you like being a bum?

DAN: I like it, Tommy. I can walk in the woods so quietly the chipmunks don't even flick an ear. I can find a quail's nest as fast as the

other quail and nobody ever tells me anything. I tell myself. I say—"Dan Tucker, let's move on"—and I do. No arguments, you see. When I want a bath I jump in a river.

TOM: Gee, that's keen. Do you ever wash your ears, Dan Tucker?

DAN: Yes, I do—now and then.

TOM: You mean you do and you don't have to?—Gee—Where'd you get the banjo? Can you play it?

DAN: Yes, Tommy. That's another reason they call me Dan Tucker. He played one too.

TOM: Hay, look! Here comes Nancy Taylor. She's having a dance at her house tonight.

NANCY: Are you the man they call OLD DAN TUCKER?

DAN: I reckon so.

NANCY: This may sound funny—but everybody says you can play the banjo. Will you come to my house and play for my party tonight? Ma's making strawberry ice cream and Pa says he'll give you two dollars.

DAN: I'd like to, miss. I'll come around about eight o'clock. Where do you live?

TOM: I'll show you Dan.— Say Dan, uh—when you leave town—can I go with you and learn to play the banjo and everything?

DAN: Not now, Tommy. You see everybody has to decide for himself. You aren't quite old enough to know yet. I'll come back for you in about ten years. I'll come down the road and I'll be singing my song.

TOM: I sure am glad I met you Dan Tucker. I think you got swell ideas.

DAN: That's good Tommy. I'll teach you a tune on the banjo tonight.

THE END

Song . . .



